

THE BEACON

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PACIFIC UNIVERSITY SCHOOL
PAID FOR THE MINISTERS
Berkeley, California

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME V.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1914

NUMBER 3

The Gladdest Way.

WHAT'S the way to school, you say?
A boy's way, do you mean?
It's out of the yard and far away
Where the grass is fresh and green.
It's up a tree and out on a limb,
And down with a leap and cry,
And that's the way to school for him,
When I see him passing by.

What's the way to school, you say?
It's after a butterfly
That darts by many a zigzag way,
And up on a limb so high,
Where he guards a nest with robin's eggs,
And hard by a woodchuck's lair,
It's many a mile for bare, brown legs
Here, there, and everywhere.

What's the way to school, you say?
It's a scurrying rabbit's trail;
It's past a field, where the lambs are at play,
And a seat on the topmost rail
Of the pasture fence, and a leap from that
To a wagon rumbling by;
It's down the wind for an old straw hat
With a whistle and call and cry.

What's the way to school, you say?
It's the way of unnumbered boys,
It's an endless romp on a cloudless day
In search of a hundred joys;
It's over a meadow and through the flowers,
It's a splash through the wayside pool;
It's the gladdest way in this world of ours,
And that's the way to school.

J. W. FOLEY,
in Youth's Companion.

Half a Freshman.

BY ROBERT A. SMITH.

JOHN sat and kicked his heels over the edge of the dock as he watched the ships in the harbor. He tried hard to be cheerful, but his whistling seemed forced, and he stopped short.

"See that barkentine loading with lumber over there? Bet you can't tell a bark from a barkentine, yet, Swoggie."

But Swoggie only cocked his ears and looked straight at the tramp schooner going out of the harbor on its own steam, as though he knew all about it.

Swoggie was only a little brown bull terrier, but boy and dog were almost inseparable. Every noon when the whistle blew nothing could keep Swoggie from going to the corner to meet John when he came home from school, and John talked to him as though he could understand everything that was said to him. He had even planned to take Swoggie with him to college, but now—

"Well, Swoggie, something's got to be done about this, and it looks to me as though it were up to us." Swoggie hitched a little closer as though he felt that something had gone wrong.



ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

His father's words still rang in John's ears: "I'm sorry, my boy, but I don't see how I can manage it until next year. I didn't tell you before you graduated because I knew it would be a big disappointment. You see mother's being in the hospital this spring took more than I expected, but we are glad enough to have her back to wait a year, aren't we, son?"

John had taken it with a cheerful "That's all right, dad. Don't worry about me," and gone down to the harbor to think it over. He still sat there absently kicking his feet against the piling until it began to grow dark. Swoggie plainly thought it was time to go home, and poked his nose under John's arm, only to receive an impatient "In a minute, Swog, in a minute."

It was a long minute, but at last John jumped to his feet and looked at his watch.

"Well, I guess that's about the best we can do. Come on, Swoggie, we've got to hurry or we'll be late to supper."

"You see, it's this way, dad," he said when he broached his plan to his father a few days later, "I don't want to stay around here all that time and not do anything, so I thought I'd go back up to the sawmill where I was last summer. You see the mill will run till late in the fall, and then they'll be logging all winter, so I can get plenty to do. Then I've sent for the University Extension Course so I can get my credits and go right along. There'll be the lake to go swimming in, and there's all kinds of fish and game up there; and I know where there's a little log cabin a trapper built that I can fix up all right so I won't have to live at the bunkhouse."

"What does mother say?" his father asked.

John laughed. "She said I better take plenty of blankets so I will sleep warm, and she said she would see about sending up some of that jam I like."

John's mother had realized with a sigh that boys are not made to stay at home. "But then I need not be afraid for John anywhere," she thought. "He can take care of himself, and his ambition will always keep him straight." John's two ambitions were to be an electrical engineer and to be captain of his football team at college as his father had been before him. His devotion to athletics was so great he did not even smoke. "Sometimes it's pretty tough," he confessed to his mother, "when all the other fellows have their pipes, and I'm the only one, but I guess I'm strong enough to stand it."

"Then if mother's willing, it's all right," his father said. "It will put you in fine shape. Shall you take Swoggie?"

John turned around indignantly at the idea of leaving him behind, when he saw the twinkle in his father's eye, so he answered gravely without a smile:

"Guess I'll have to, sir. I'm afraid you wouldn't feed him enough if I wasn't here to see about it."

When John and Swoggie got to the logging camp a big square box was already waiting for them in front of the cabin.

"Hello, Swoggie, our earthly possessions have arrived. If we'd known the man was going to bring them so soon, we might have got a ride, but then we'd have missed all that pretty woods on the trail. Come on, old man, we'll take a look around, and then we'll begin to unpack and make it look like home."

It was a fine location. The lake itself

was not large, only five or six miles long, but it had the two main characteristics of all the scenery of northern Washington: big timber and mountains. On one side the timber came down to meet the lake, and on the other the mountains went straight up from the water. The cabin had a fine view: the big pines at the back, the lake in front with the mountains across, and farther away, the snow-caps at the head.

The cabin was about sixteen by twenty feet, of solid logs. The roof was made of "shakes," long shingles split from cedar trunks with a wedge. The sun had warped and the rain and snow had rotted them in places.

"Cheer up, Swoggie, we can fix that easy enough. A little tar-paper, scientifically applied, will just fill the bill. And there's no door. It may look hospitable, but all the same, come fall, we don't care about having any cougars walking in to make us a visit in the middle of the night. We'll get some rough boards up at the mill and make a door all right. The logs have been peeled, too. Now, Swoggie, which is it: if you leave the bark on do the worms bore in, or if you peel them do they come out? Which was it? Anyway we'll find out pretty soon. Now for the box."

First a roll of blankets came out, heavy flannel ones. The bunk was merely a frame of four limbs with canvas stretched across, nailed roughly together and set up on four logs.

"Don't like the looks of that canvas, Swoggie, my boy. Too dirty. We'll go out and get some boughs off those little hemlocks, and then, when they get dry, they will smell fine. You can sleep with me, too, if you won't lie on my feet."

It was no sooner said than done. The bed was made of the fragrant hemlock boughs, and the blankets spread over it. Then came the stove,—a piece of circular sheet iron with a hinged door cut in it.

"That'll keep us warm this winter, all right. Doesn't look much like a stove, does it, Swoggie? but that's because you don't know. Just wait until I drive these rivets and fit the stovepipe over the top like this, and we'll set it down on the ground, so it will be all nice and warm for you to lie on. That's what they call a Sibley stove, Swoggie. They use 'em in the army, and what's good enough for the army's good enough for us, hey? The whole thing cost exactly one dollar, and I made it myself. Not so bad. And we've got the other one to cook on. Pretty soon we'll have to begin to hustle a wood-pile for them, for when the thermometer gets down to zero, and the snow gets up six feet high, it won't be so funny."

An hour or so later some bacon and coffee were cooking on the little camp-stove. There was something about that bacon and coffee that made it taste extra good. Things looked very happy to John as he lay stretched out on a log and watched the sun set.

"All ready to go to work to-morrow, Swoggie. I'll get some boards at the mill and make a table and a chair, and there's an old boat I know I can get and fix up so we can go out on the lake. Now we'll have the time of our lives, and get after that analytical geometry and advanced math, and the principles of surveying until they look like thirty cents, won't we?"

When John came back home at Christmas, his face had that healthy red that comes from living out of doors for any length of time.

"Made it, dad. Got a hundred and fifty dollars and my credits besides, so I thought I would come back and go in at the half-year."

"Good for you," his father said. "That's the stuff. And the way you've broadened out I guess there'll be no doubt but that you'll make the team all right. I'm fixed now where I can help you, but I want to say right here that it's worth more than a hundred and fifty dollars to me to have you show yourself the man you have."

John reddened. His father's praise meant a great deal to him, but he carried it off lightly.

"Cheer up, Swoggie, you may get to be the mascot yet. But just think, old man, we'll be only half a freshman."

A Present for Miss Mollie.

BY ANNA E. BLEY.

"MISS MOLLIE is getting better," announced Elizabeth, dropping her school-bag on the nearest chair.

"That's good," remarked Aunt Prue, cheerfully. "I suppose she'll be back teaching school before long."

Elizabeth looked mournful.

"You're not sorry Miss Mollie's getting better, are you?" inquired Uncle Peter, from the other end of the kitchen, where he was mending a piece of harness.

"O Uncle Peter!" burst out Elizabeth, indignantly.

"Well, you don't look very happy about it, that's all," explained Uncle Peter.

"Now, Peter," remonstrated Aunt Prue, "don't tease Elizabeth. What's the matter, child?" she asked, turning to Elizabeth, whose eyes were full of tears.

"Nothing, Aunt Prue, only all the girls are sending flowers to Miss Mollie, and I guess she'll think I don't care because I haven't sent anything."

"That isn't like Miss Mollie," reproved Aunt Prue.

"Mary Bonsall's father went to the city yesterday and sent a dozen American Beauty roses, and Ida Simmons wrote to her aunt and she sent Miss Mollie a big bunch of violets tied with a purple silk cord," Elizabeth swallowed hard. "The country's an awful place," she added, "you can't get anything here."

"Hm—hm!" Uncle Peter cleared his throat. "Country's an awful place, is it?" he repeated severely. "You didn't think so last summer when your pa and ma went to Europe and sent you here to stay with us. You thought the country was a pretty fine place then as I recollect."

"Peter," warned Aunt Prue, "Elizabeth's worried, and nobody likes the country or the city either when they're worried. Don't mind Uncle Peter, honey, he'll think of something to send Miss Mollie."

"I will, will I?" questioned Uncle Peter, with a twinkle in his eye. "Well, since I've got to think of something, how would a basket of fruit do?"

Elizabeth's face brightened for a minute and then fell. "There isn't any place here where you could buy a nice basket of fruit," she objected.

"I didn't say there was, did I? I said 'how would a nice basket of fruit do?'"

"But we haven't any fruit, Peter, except apples," interposed Aunt Prue.

"Did I say apples?" demanded Uncle Peter.

"What kind of fruit, Uncle Peter?" asked Elizabeth, timidly.

"I see you're beginning to be interested," answered Uncle Peter. "Prudence, let me have a basket."

Aunt Prue took from the cupboard a nice, clean, grape basket.

"Come on, Betsey," called Uncle Peter, pleasantly. Elizabeth skipped after, stopping just long enough to throw a kiss to Aunt Prue.

Down through the barnyard they went and over the meadow hill, where the brisk autumn wind blew in their faces and reminded them that Jack Frost had come for a long stay.

"Here we are!" and Uncle Peter paused before a great tall tree bare of leaves, but with little dark objects hanging to the branches.

"Oh, I see a plum!" cried Elizabeth, excitedly, as she picked up a soft red-brown fruit and brushed off the bits of leaves and sticks that clung to it.

"They're persimmons," Uncle Peter smilingly informed her, "and don't eat too near the seeds."

"Why?" queried Elizabeth.

"I suspect you'll never be satisfied till you try it," complained Uncle Peter.

"Yes, I will, Uncle Peter, but why are you picking up those soft squashy ones? Here are some nice firm yellow persimmons."

"Well, Betsey," suggested Uncle Peter, patiently, "take a bite and then you'll know."

Elizabeth took a good bite and then made a grimace as she jumped up and down. "Ugh—ugh! Uncle Peter, my mouth's all puckered up!"

"That's because you got a green one, and that's the way they taste too near the seeds."

Elizabeth began gathering up the ripe juicy ones, and Uncle Peter lined the basket with smooth dried oak leaves. They laid in the finest of the persimmons, then a layer of oak leaves, and so on until the basket was full.

"Uncle Peter," Elizabeth shyly rubbed her cheek against his hand, "that's a beautiful basket of fruit, and to think that persimmons are ripe when it's almost winter!"

"Why, Betsey," declared Uncle Peter, giving her hand an affectionate squeeze, "I've seen persimmons lying on the snow, but things aren't like what they were when I was a boy."

"But, Uncle Peter," persisted Elizabeth, "I guess things are pretty nearly always nice in the country."

"That's the way to talk," exclaimed Uncle Peter. "Now we'll hurry home and send this basket off to Miss Mollie."

Goldenrod.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

GAILY dancing in the sun
Over wood and dell,
Dainty little Goldenrod,
Ah, we love you well.
For when all the summer flowers
Fade and pass away,
You hold up your sunny head
With its plumes a-sway.
And though wood and field are bare,
There you stand and nod,
Sturdy sentinel of fall,—
Charming Goldenrod.

*Give all thou canst! high heavens rejects
the lore Of nicely calculated lessor more.*
WORDSWORTH.



COSMOS.

Jonah's Gourds.

BY KATE LAWRENCE.

"A UNTY! Wot you plantin' in that hot-bed?"

Miss Peggy Hamilton started so that she dropped several papers of vegetable seeds out of her apron. She looked severely at her small nephew, who stood on the log fence which divided her farm from that of her brother, his bare toes showing through large holes in a pair of boots several sizes too large for him.

"Who sent for you?" she asked sharply.

"Nobody sent for me. I comed myself.

Aunt, wot you plantin' in that hot-bed?"

"Squashes," said Miss Peggy, who knew from long experience that Toby would keep on asking until he got an answer, if it took him all day. "Crook-necked squashes, and when they grow, you shall have one for a baby."

"No, thank you," said Toby, "don't want it. Don't play with doll babies any longer." Toby wasn't one bit afraid of her. He knew as well as she did that she loved him better than she did any one else in the world. He was a quaint little body, though his language, at that time, was far from correct, being copied from that of his schoolmates and an ignorant hired man. Aunt Peggy often said that Toby could see through a hole in a grindstone, and if she meant that he could see through her rough exterior into the warm heart beneath it, she was perfectly right.

"Are your stockins full of holes as well as your boots?"

"Haven't got any stockin's on. Wouldn't have any boots on either, if it was n't for the pizen ivy. Hubbard squashes is the best kind, Aunt; my father says so."

"Your father says a good many things," said Aunt Peggy. "What does he say about paying back my money?"

There was something in Aunt Peggy's tones that made Toby get down off the fence and run home, forgetting that his mother had sent him to ask Aunt Peggy to tea the next evening to meet the minister and his bride. Toby couldn't understand why his father, mother, and Aunt Peggy always talked about money when they got together. He knew that Aunt Peggy had plenty of money, and that his father had very little. Aunt Peggy's farm was managed by a clever young man who made everything pay; his father had been laid up with rheumatism all winter, and was just beginning to get out of

doors, and his crops often failed. It had been necessary to borrow money from Aunt Peggy, and the last time she was at their house, they had talked about it until Aunt Peggy got up to go; she had called his father "shif'less," and he had not answered a word, and though Toby did not know it, they had not spoken to each other since.

The next morning as Aunt Peggy was frying bacon for breakfast, the door opened and Toby's little curly head peeped in.

"Aunt, aren't your squashes a-comin' up splendid?"

"Toby Hamilton! What do you mean?" asked Aunt Peggy. "Have you been digging up my squash seeds to see if they are growing?"

"Oh, no, Aunt. Never touched one of them. They just comed up themselves."

Aunt Peggy ran out into the garden. She looked into the hot-bed, rubbed the glass, and looked again. It was a fact; there were six fine young squash-plants about two inches high, just where she had planted the seeds the day before.

"That beats me," said Aunt Peggy.

"Beats the Dutch," said Toby. "Just like Jonah's gourd, isn't it? They'll be up to the top of the barn 'fore noon, if they keep on."

"There's the minister! Toby, run and ask him to come here a minute."

"Well!" said the minister, gravely, when he had heard the story, "if that is your seed, it is either a miracle or a very uncommon freak of nature."

Perhaps Mr. Tufts, the manager of the farm, knew something about the squash plants, but if he did, he did not tell. He only declared that he did not plant them, and did not see any one else do it. The story spread far and wide, and people came from all over town to look at the wonderful squash-vines which had come up in one night.

Opinions were divided as to whether it was a miracle, a freak of nature, or a "fake," as the local newspaper said in telling about it. Aunt Peggy wondered and wondered, but could find no clue to the mystery.

The squash-plants, however, did not grow up to the top of the barn before noon. They grew slowly and steadily as respectable squashes should, and in due time some tiny green seedling sprouts began to appear from the ground among the dark green leaves of the first plants.

It was a Sunday morning when Miss Peggy discovered them. Looking out of the window before she was dressed that

morning, she had seen a man standing by the hot-bed looking into it intently. She had only seen his back, but thought it looked like her brother. What could he be doing in her garden so early in the morning?

"What a fool I be," said Miss Peggy, suddenly. "These first ones are Hubbard squash-vines, and here are mine just coming up. Nehemiah must have planted the others. That is an old trick of his, putting things in my garden and not letting me know it. Nehemiah's a good man if he is shif'less, and he does have a knack with vegetables and flowers."

Aunt Peggy went over to her brother's that afternoon and stayed to supper. They talked about almost everything, but not a word was said about money.

The dark green and the light green squash-vines grew together all summer, twining their stems lovingly around each other, and at Thanksgiving the great Hubbard squashes were made into luscious pies which the two families ate together.

"Now, Nehemiah," said Aunt Peggy, as they sat around the fire after dinner, "suppose we celebrate the anniversary by burning that mortgage."

"Why! it isn't half paid off," said Toby's mother.

"No matter, Nehemiah will pay it as soon as he can. I never would have taken it, Louisa,—never, if I hadn't thought he would work harder and try harder to succeed if I held it."

"I am so rejoiced," said Toby's mother, "that we are all reconciled, and are—"

But here she broke down, and was crying so that she couldn't say another word.

"I would have tried to make up before I did," said Peggy, "but the truth is, I was mad because you didn't ask me when you had the minister and his wife to tea."

Explanations followed, and Toby took all the blame upon his little curly head already so heaped with transgressions. Then the mortgage was thrown into the fireplace, where it crackled and curled merrily. I do not know who started it, but when the last scrap fell into the ashes, they were all singing the hymn "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

To this day, crook-necked squashes are called "Jonah's Gourds" in that neighborhood.

Sunday-school News.

PRIZES are offered by the Church Peace Union to several groups—ministers, theological students, church members, Sunday-school pupils—for the best essays on International Peace. The part relating to Sunday schools is as follows:

1. Twenty (20) prizes of fifty dollars (\$50) each to Sunday-school pupils between fifteen and twenty years of age.

2. Fifty (50) prizes of twenty dollars (\$20) each to Sunday-school pupils between ten and fifteen years of age.

Essays written by Sunday-school pupils should be handed to the pastor of the church, with the request that he, or some committee which he shall appoint, shall read them, and that one essay from each Sunday school should be forwarded. These essays must not exceed 3,000 words in length.

All essays must be in by Jan. 1, 1915. Literature on the subject, and further information, may be secured free on application. Address, The Church Peace Union, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

THE BEACON

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From the Editor to You.

Our Sunday schools will not forget the work we are doing in India. We have sent three men to college for a year in the City College of Calcutta. Two boys and seven girls have studied in the schools connected with the college for the same length of time, on our offerings. That is good work. Now we want these same students to have another year of study, and we mean to help others to begin.

Our school at Detroit was the first to make a second offering to this fund. It had given one full college scholarship, \$25. Now it sends a second contribution of \$10. A new offering came from the First Congregational (Unitarian) Sunday school of Cincinnati, sent just as the school closed for its summer vacation. Well done!

Shall we not make this the best year yet in our scholarships? Any sum, small or large, from a school as a whole, or from any boy or girl, man or woman, will be gratefully received. The third article by Mr. Sunderland, written just after he visited India last year, will soon appear, and will help us to understand how much a little money will do toward educating children in that wonderful land.

A girl's scholarship for a year costs \$8; a boy's, \$12; and a college student's, \$25. Smaller sums will be put together to make one of these amounts.


Previously acknowledged . . .	\$189.44
From the Unitarian Sunday School of Detroit	10.00
From the First Congregational (Unitarian) Sunday School of Cincinnati	13.13
Total	\$212.57

Open the Door of your Heart.

OPEN the door of your heart, my lad,
To the angels of love and truth;
When the world is full of unnumbered joys,
In the beautiful dawn of youth.
Casting aside all things that mar,
Saying to wrong, "Depart!"
To the voices of hope that are calling you,
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide,
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul,
Like the stars at eventide.
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art,
Are yours, if you'll only give them room;
Open the door of your heart.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.




THE BEACON CLUB

MOTTO: Let your light shine.

MEMBERSHIP FEE: One good letter for this corner.

BADGE: Club Button, sent on receipt of letter.



Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

CLINTON, MASS.,
67 Olive Street.

June 4, 1913.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Church and Sunday school. Rev. James Duncan is our minister. Our teacher's name is Miss Harris, and we all like her very much. We get *The Beacon* every Sunday, and I enjoy reading it. There are nine girls in our class. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I am thirteen years old.

Yours sincerely,

MILDRED GUTMAN.

We are always glad to know that our paper is enjoyed, and hope one part of our work as a Club will be to get others to read and subscribe for *The Beacon*.

After-vacation letters are now beginning to reach us. Club members will be glad to know that the following letter comes from

the school which last year took the largest number of copies of our paper sent to one address. It is the school of St. John's German Church in Cincinnati.

1716 RACE STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

August 7, 1914.

Dear Madam,—I am taking the pleasure of writing to you as to how I like my vacation. I like it very much. I am spending most of my time out in the air. I am studying about the good things we learn in Sunday school, and also we paste pictures in our books. I like to study very much. In November we will celebrate our hundred year anniversary of our church, and would like to see you there.

Hoping you are well and happy, I remain

Yours truly,

JOHN NECKEL.

We shall always be glad to receive letters from Club members, as well as from those desiring to join the Club.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA V.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 6, 24, 25, is a pronoun.

My 8, 3, 5, is a number.

My 3, 16, 24, 22, 10, is a kind of fish.

My 20, 27, 22, is to permit.

My 1, 7, 8, is worn on the head.

My 2, 18, 12, is part of the head.

My 4, 17, 28, 20, is to cure.

My 13, 3, 21, 10, 8, is the opposite of sour.

My 17, 25, 25, 11, is a girl's name.

My 15, 25, 24, 22, is to leave out.

My 9, 17, 28, 29, 14, is an important organ of the body.

My 23, 7, 14, 26, is to possess.

My 9, 11, 22, is a small animal.

My whole is a quotation from the Bible.

A. M. H.

ENIGMA VI.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 2, 15, 12, 7, 20, is a country in Europe.

My 14, 12, 3, 12, 15, 19, 9, 20, pertains to swimming.

My 2, 18, 9, 2, 15, 12, 4, 2, 8, 14, excites to anger.

My 9, 13, 6, 11, 13, 16, 5, 20, means sorrowfully.

My 14, 6, 17, 10, 11, 13, 1, means necessary.

My whole is a delightful story for children.

J. G. R.

ENIGMA VII.

I am composed of letters nine,

I'm always lovable and kind.

My 1, 2, 3, 5, will help you win;

My 7, 6, 9, 2, may make a din;

My 7, 3, 5, is of good size;

My 9, 6, 2, we all despise;

My 5, 4, 1, holds water for you;

My 1, 8, 5, a conjunction true.

Youth's Companion.

A BIBLE CHARADE.

My first is a help to one who is lame;
My second, for girls, is an old-fashioned name.
My whole was a land which was promised to one
If he followed the Lord till his life work was done.

The Visitor.

HIDDEN FRUITS.

1. She had met me long ago in the city.
2. Come here and sit in my lap, please.
3. Pop each girl some corn, Grace.
4. I will have this ostrich plume on my new hat.
5. He was forbidden to appear again until morning.
6. We expect to settle, Monday, in our new home.
7. You may buy either sponge cake or angel cake.
8. A man wearing a turban, a native of that town.
9. The house of Tarquin, celebrated for its public works in Rome, was overthrown.
10. At the picnic, her rye bread was much enjoyed.

RUTH W. MORTON.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why should a man always wear a watch when he travels across a desert?
2. Change the order of two letters in "united" and express the opposite meaning.
3. What is that which the more you take from it, the larger it becomes?

The Myrtle.

HIDDEN SHAKESPEARIAN CHARACTERS.

Virginia goes to-night. A clearance sale was arranged. The Nubian carried a spear. When we came into port I asked for the consul. He had gone riled and ashamed. It was not "Hello" girls at fault. Sir Gresham let the poachers escape. The record Elias brought was broken. The grange lost its chaplain. Caryatides demon and satyr fled.

Exchange.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 1.

ENIGMA I.—Cornell University.

ENIGMA II.—Curtail.

BEHEADINGS.—1. B-ear. 2. B-ox. 3. B-rag. 4. B-all. 5. B-rail. 6. B-lock. 7. B-lack. 8. B-end.

HIDDEN COUNTRIES.—1. Denmark. 2. Canada. 3. France. 4. Siam. 5. Cuba. 6. Armenia. 7. Poland. 8. Porto Rico. 9. Egypt. 10. Panama.

A CHARADE.—Cat-a-mount.

Answers to puzzles in No. 32 were received from Bernice I. Bates, Rock Stream, N.Y.